THE DEVIL of a DUKE:

OR,

TRAPOLIN's Vagaries.

A

(Farcical Ballad)

OPERA.

As Acted at the THEATRES of

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Perſons in the Opera.

MEN.

Lavinio, *Duke of* Florence.	Mr. *Peterſon.*
Brunetto, *Prince of* Savoy.	Mr. *Ware.*
Barbarino, Alberto, *Lords.*	Mr. *Miller.* Mr. *Fraſer.*
Mago, *Conjurer.*	Mr. *Bulkelley.*
Trapolin, *a Buffoon falſe Duke.*	Mr. *Weſcomb.*
Quaker,	Mr. *Price.*
Captain,	Mr. *Maxfield.*

WOMEN.

Iſabella, *Dutcheſs.*	Mrs. *Ware.*
Prudentia, *Duke's Siſter.*	Mrs. *Woodward.*
Flametta, Trapolin's *Sweetheart.*	Mrs. *Miller.*
1. Woman.	Mrs. *Bulkelley.*
2. Woman.	Mrs. *Ayres.*

SCENE, Florence, *and a Wood adjacent.*

THE *DEVIL of a DUKE:* OR, TRAPOLIN's Vagaries.

SCENE I.

Trapolin *and* Flametta.

Trap. FOR ever thine, *Flametta.*

Flam. Thanks, my Dear: But am not I a fond Fool to believe you, when I have not ſeen you theſe two long Days? I love you but too well; for truly, Dear, you are not ſo good as you ought to be.

AIR I. What ſhou'd a Laſſie do with an old Man?

Ah! ſhou'd wanton Fancy move you,
Shou'd you prove a naughty Man;
I ſhall think you never lov'd me,
I ſhall hate you,— if I can.

Trapolin ſings,

Shou'd your deareſt Beauties move me,
They'd but prove that I'm a Man;
You'd then believe I better lov'd you:
Try,— and hate me if you can.

Pretty Rogue, how ſhe fires my heart! — now could I cry like any roaſted Lobſter. — What would old Lord *Barbarino* give for ſuch one kind Word from her? — But young and poor as ſhe is, yet ſhe's conſtant and virtuous; — not that I care much for Virtue neither.

AIR II. *Willy* was a wanton Wag.

Wou'd you be a Man in Faſhion,
And prove wealthy, ſafe and wiſe;
Indulge yourſelf in every Paſſion;
Virtue, Learning, Fame deſpiſe;
Be rapacious, bold and florid:
Gold alone is the great Prize
That takes from Vices all that's horrid,
And makes us paſs for good and wiſe.
This clears a Reputation tarniſh'd,
And it never yet was found
That the Gallows e'er was garniſh'd
With a hundred thouſand Pound.
This clears, &c.

Flam. Let me conjure you leave theſe wicked Courſes. — You muſt indeed, or we muſt never marry; but I hope you'll be my Convert, and reform.

Trap. All in good Time, Love: It becomes me to ſee my Betters go before me; when I do mend, I ſhall certainly do it to purpoſe, I am ſo long about it. — In the mean time I give thee leave to be honeſt, and I think that's fair. —

Enter Barbarino *and* Officers.

Who's here, my Rival Lord?

Barb.

Barb. Here is the Villain with his handſome Wench,
And (what afflicts me more) an honeſt one.
I have theſe many Weeks attempted her;
But neither Threats nor Preſents can prevail.
She muſt be virtuous, or her Poverty
Could ne'er withſtand the Offers I have made:
Yet were ſhe virtuous, ſhe would ne'er allow
This wicked Pandar ſo familiar with her;
This fidling Paraſite, Buffoon and Beggar.
But on pretence of his Enormities,
I have procur'd this Order from the Duke
For his immediate Baniſhment from *Florence.*
Moſt certainly he bears ſome Spell about him;
And when he's once remov'd, I ſhall ſucceed.

Trap. Again, my Dear. — *My good Lord* Barberino, *your Honour's humble Servant.* — For this free Promiſe, Love, I ne'er enough can thank thee. — *Your Lordſhip's to Command.* — No Fortune ſhall divide or change our Wills. — *Your Honour's humble Slave.* — What's Wealth or Power, where Hearts conſent like ours? — *Your Lordſhip's Vaſſal.* — When thou doſt ſigh, thy *Trapolin* ſhall weep. — *Your Honour always ſhall command me.* — And when thou ſing'ſt —

Flam. We are obſerv'd.
Learn to be honeſt, and I'm thine for ever. [*Exit.*

Trap. I beg your Lordſhip's Pardon. Your Lordſhip ſaw how I was employed. The poor Wretch has taken a Fancy to me; and your Lordſhip knows I am a Perſon of liberal Education; that I bear not a Breaſt of Flint, nor was nurs'd with the Milk of *Hircanian* Bulls. Now if your Lordſhip has any thing to command me, here I ſtand ready, *I'll ſido Trappalino*, your Honour's humble Servant in all things poſſible and impoſſible.

Barb. You are a ſaucy peremptory Villain,
And have too long eſcap'd the Stroak of Juſtice.

Off. Nor is there ſuch a Coward in all *Tuſcany*;
He's able to corrupt an Army.

Trap. Fear not that *Seignior Capitano*; for I never mean to come into one.

Barb. So lewd a Pandar ne'er infected City:
What Wife or Daughter of the nobleſt Blood
Is ſafe, where ſuch a helliſh Factor breathes?

Trap. And can your Lordſhip on your Honour tax me for want of Diligence in my Vocation?

Barb. Induſtrious haſt thou been in Villany;
But *Florence* muſt no longer be the Scene.
This is your Warrant, Captain, from the Duke,
To drive this Miſcreant from our City-gates:
And when he's ſeen again in *Tuſcany*,
That Minute forfeits his abandon'd Life.
Thus has our Duke decreed,

Trap. At whoſe Requeſt?

Barb. On mine.

Trap. I am glad to find your Honour has ſo much Intereſt in his Highneſs, and therefore make choice of your Honour as the moſt proper Perſon to ſollicit my Repeal.

Barb. Audacious Slave!

Trap. His Highneſs knows Travelling is chargeable, and beſides my Stomach is of no ordinary Dimenſions.

Barb. Away with him: If he diſpute your Orders, Call for the Pariſh-whips to your Aſſiſtance.

Trap. Seignior Officer, you may take his Lordſhip's Word when he ſays a thing. You hear his Lordſhip hath private Buſineſs with me, and deſires your Abſence. — For certain then his Highneſs is upon Treaty of Marriage withe the *Milaneſs*. Your Lordſhip and I were always of opinion it would come to that.

Barb. Such harden'd Impudence was never ſeen.
Take him away.

Trap. My Lord, my Lord. — Such a Primroſe in a Corner for your Lordſhip, never blown upon, my Lord; —

AIR III. The Lads of *Dunſe.*

Complying, denying,
Now free, and now coy,
Alluring and curing
Love's Pain with its Joy,
With Frowns and with Smiles, that kindle a Fire,
Is a Laſs that each Temper and Age muſt admire.
Her Eye darts its Glances,
Our Hearts feel the Ray;
Her Power advances
As ours ebbs away.
From Engagements ſo ſtrong there's none can retreat;
For do what ſhe will, ſhe's every way ſweet.

Barb. Force him along.

Trap. Flametta, my Lord; what ſays your Lordſhip to *Flametta?* There's Eyes and Bubbies! Shall I bring her to your Lordſhip? — Nay my Lord, my Lord. [*They bear him off.*

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Duke Lavinio, Alberto, Guards *and* Attendants.

Lav. I'm ſtung with Adders, and ſhall go diſtracted; Let me have Breathing-room.

Alb. Your Highneſs knows
I never have been watchful for your Honour;
And next to that I would preſerve your Quiet.

Lav. Choice Method! firſt blow Poiſon in my Ears, And after that preach Patience to me.

Alb. I fear my Duty has been too officious:
Dread Sir, reflect, where was the mighty Harm
In holding talk with him by open Day?
I hope this Fanning will incenſe the Flame. [*Aſide.*

Lav. What Harm? The very Bawd to their Deſires Could never have a Forehead to diſpute the Harm.
A Virgin and a Princeſs ſeen to walk
And hold Diſcourſe apart with one of Race

Obſcure,

Obſcure, at leaſt unknown, and no Harm in't?
'Twere lewd, though they had only pray'd together.

AIR IV. Almanſor.

A buxome young Daughter
Makes many Mouths water,
And the Fops all around her will ſpark it;
They ſay they're a Treaſure: —
But gives us no Pleaſure
Until they are brought to fair Market.

While our Caſh is in Cheſt,
We are never at reſt;
For Robbers are rank in this looſe Age:
Our Girls and our Purſes
Are nothing but Curſes
Till they both are put out to good Uſage.

Bring the audacious Traitor to our Preſence.
[Brunetto *brought in here.*

Enter Brunetto.

Brun. Dread Sir, and twice my noble Conqueror;
[*Kneeling.*
Firſt in the Field, in which your ſelf alone
Could ſtop my Conqueſt with reſiſtleſs Might;
And ſince in gen'rous princely Favours.
Lav. Riſe.
I am not us'd to hearken after Praiſe,
Or Thanks for Benefits by me conferr'd;
For hitherto they always fell on Merit,
Which can at beſt be call'd but paying Debts.
Only in this Acknowledgment, I hear
Ingratitude from its own Mouth condemn'd.
This Lord, the watchful *Argus* of my Honour,
Has charg'd you with a Crime will ſtain the Worth
You ſhew'd in Battle, and make Valour bluſh.
Alb. I but inform'd your Highneſs what I ſaw.
Brun. He's prejudic'd: I kill'd his Son in fight,

In

In Service of my Prince, as he of you.
Lav. I have a Siſter, dear to me as Fame,
Our Royal Father's only Care and Comfort:
'My Dukedom (ſaid he dying) I bequeath thee,
'A ſlender Preſent, and thy Due by Birth;
'But with it all the Glory of our Race;
'The ſpotleſs Honour of the *Medices:*
'Preſerve the princely Blood from baſe-born Taint;
'But moſt ſecure it in the weaker Part,
'And match *Prudentia* with her Peer in Birth;
'So ſhall I with my Anceſtors have reſt.'
Now Sir, how far you have infring'd theſe Orders,
And brought a Guilt unknown upon my Head,
I leave your ſelf to judge: Confeſs your Crime,
And Torture ſhall revenge it; ſmother it,
And Tortures ſhall extort it.
Brun. My charmed Soul
Came panting to my Lips to meet your Charge,
And beg Forgiveneſs for its high Preſumption.
But ſince you talk of Tortures, I diſdain
The ſervile Threats, and dare your utmoſt Rage.
I love the Princeſs, and have urg'd my Paſſion;
Tho', I confeſs, all hopeleſs of Return.
This with a Soldier's Freedom I avouch,
Who ſcorns to lodge that Thought he dares not own:
Now Sir, inflict what Puniſhment you pleaſe;
But let me warn you, that your Vengeance reach
My Head, or neither of us can have Reſt.

AIR V. O'er Boggy.

The Dog his Bit will often quit,
A Battle to eſchew;
The Cock his Corn will leave in Barn,
Another Cock in view:
One Man will eat another's Meat,
And no Contention's ſeen;
For all agree 'tis good to be,
Tho' hungry, in a whole Skin.

But

But ſhould each Spy, his Miſtris by,
One contradict his Suit,
He quits all Fears, and by the Ears
They fall together to't.
Such Rivals ſhock Men, Dogs and Cocks,
And makes the Gentle froward;
He who won't fight for Miſtris bright
Is ſomething worſe than Coward.

Lav. Chains, Straw and Darkneſs! this is meer Diſtraction!
To Priſon with him; you that waited on him
[*They lead off* Brunetto.
Be now his Guard: Thin Diet and no Light;
Such Uſage may reſtore him. — Vengeance thus
Converts to Charity.

Enter Prudentia.

Prudentia,
Your Entrance has prevented me a Viſit
To your Apartment, and half ſav'd a Chiding:
Yet I muſt tell you, you have been to blame:
But, Siſter, learn Reſerv'dneſs for the future,
Such as becomes your Quality; and hold
That Place which Nature and unſpotted Virtue
Has hitherto ſecur'd you in my Heart.

Prud. Moſt gracious Sir, if e'er my ſecret Soul
Admits one Thought that is not firſt ſubmitted
For Approbation to your Royal Will,
The Curſe of Diſobedience fall upon me:
As I in you have found a Father's Love,
I ſhall repay't with more than filial Duty.

Lav. Virtue and Honour ever guide thy Way.

AIR VI. *Colin's* Complaint.

As the Bark, when it parts from the Shore,
Has ſcarce any Diſtance between;
Yet at laſt by the Billows 'tis bore
Where, alas! no more Land's to be ſeen:

So

So from Virtue when once we remove,
We attempt to return but in vain;
By the Current of Vice we are drove,
Till we ſounder at length in the Main.

Thou'rt ſolitary, but ſhall quickly enjoy
A ſweet Companion in our Royal Bride.
Sforza the Duke of *Milan*, our old Friend,
Who always in our Wars hath ſent us Aid,
Here offers me the beauteous *Iſabella*,
His Daughter, for my Wife; and inſtantly
We will to *Milan* on the Expedition:
That Treatment once determin'd, we'll return
To *Florence*, where we'll celebrate our Nuptials
With what Magnificence becomes our State.

Prud. Go and be happy, Sir, in your fair Choice.

Barb. That Bleſſing's only wanting to our State.

Lav. Lord *Barberino* and *Alberto*, you
Whom I have always found moſt faithful to me,
To you I do commit the Government
Of *Tuſcany* till my Return; your Power
I have unlimited: Keep open Ear
To juſt Complaints; allow and act no wrong;
Look cloſely to your Priſoner *Brunetto*.

Alb. So may your wiſh'd Return be ſafe and ſpeedy.

Lav. Siſter, your Tears afflict us; a few Weeks
Shall grace our Court with the fair *Milaneſe*.
Lead on, 'tis time we were upon our Way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Deſart.*

Trapolin *and* Flametta.

Trap. IS the Wench mad, I ſay? Wounds! get you home, you Gipſey: Why I have neither Meat nor Money, and how the devil do you think I muſt maintain you?

Flam. I will go with you to the World's End; I'll live

live with you, ſtarve with you, die with you.

Trap. And lie with me, I ſuppoſe. Why the Fierceneſs of my Appetite one way, has blunted the Edge of the other: I'm a baniſh'd Man, am I not? 'Tis High Treaſon for me to return to *Florence.* Why, by the ſame Reaſon it muſt be High Treaſon for you to keep out of it.

Flam. I did not care what came of me, if it was not for your ſweet ſake.

Trap. And is it poſſible you can love me ſo much?

AIR VII. Se Gaucci.

Flam. *Do not ask me if I love you;*
A Maid ſhould anſwer, No:
Tho' none I prize above you,
Still I muſt anſwer, No.
Thus baſhful Virgins flying,
The wiſh'd-for Bliſs forgo;
Tho' their Eyes confeſs them lying,
Still they muſt anſwer, No.

The Duke is gone to *Milan*, and has left *Barberino* and *Alberto* Deputies of *Florence.* Alas! if I return, *Barberino* may oblige me to any thing.

Trap. Why, ay, as you ſay, the old Fellow is a little fond of thee, or honeſt *Trapolin* had never found it Death by the Law, to take the Air in his own Country. But your Virtue ſhall be my Shield, and if he has Recourſe to *vi & armis*, you know what you have to do when the Duke returns. I have ſeen as honeſt an old Fellow as his Deputyſhip, make a pitiful Figure before a religious Jury, when try'd for a Rape.

Flam. Ay, but ſuppoſe my Virtue would not be able to hold out againſt ſo ſtrong a Temptation? Capitulation has been the Fate of many a fine Town, when in want of neceſſary Supplies; and if we once come to Terms, you know very well they'll be hard on my Side.

AIR

AIR VIII. In the pleaſant Month of *May.*

Will the Linnet fly the Snare,
When tempted by a pleaſing Bait,
And the Voice enchants her Ear
Of her long-loſt warbling Mate?
Will the Woman e'er deſpiſe
The Sight which charms her Eyes,
And be ſo far unwiſe,
To caſt away Gold, her Virtue to hold?
If ſuch a thing is done,
The Fair who can't be won,
May ſurely retrieve all we loſt by Dame Eve,
And at Court may die a Nun!

Trap. Return to *Florence*, I ſay; intercede for my Return with my very good back Friend, Lord *Barberino.* If you can't do without it, promiſe him what you never mean to perform: He's a Stateſman, you know, and that will but be paying him in his own Coin.

Flam. Well, I will go then.

Trap. But be ſure to remember *Trapolin.*

Flam. If ever I forget you, may I be ſacrificed to the Arms of the Man I hate.

Trap. Give me a Kiſs, you Gipſey, for that kind Word.

AIR IX. Birth of *Harlequin.*

Will Reſolution never waver?
Flam. *Fixt as our Fate, I'm ever thine.*
Trap. *Abſence will raiſe the Fire higher.*
Flam. *Your ardent Love ſhall admire mine.*

Ev'ry long Day,
When I'm away,
Will appear as a Year,
My Dear. Da Capo.

[*Exit* Flametta.

Trap. What an inhumane Duke was this, to baniſh me, who never baniſhed him! — Methinks this is a very melancholy Place; let me think where to betake myſelf: I would go to *Rome*, and turn Fryar, but that I have too much Learning. A Man of my Occupation might once have finger'd the *Pollux Ryals* in *Venice*; but now the Gentry go a more compendious way to work, and pimp for one another. — It quite ſpoils all Trading.

AIR X. To the Hundreds of *Drury* I write.

Young Damſels were formerly won
By a Pimp's Application to Mother;
But the Quality ſaving are grown,
One does the good Office for t'other.
At Ombre, Baſſet, or Quadrille,
They care not Money they ſquander;
Yet though they diſgorge the old Pill,
They grumble at paying the Pander.

[Muſick in the Air.

Heyday! what have we here? is the Place haunted? Ay, it muſt be ſo; and the good natur'd Devils are willing to bear me a Chorus. [*Thunder.*] So, now the Fiddlers have fall'n out among themſelves. Ah, Lord! — what's here? a decrepit old Man?

Enter Mago.

Mag. Son, thou art baniſh'd.

Trap. True, old Friend, I am ſo; — but how the devil came you to know it?

Mag. The Devil told me.

Trap.

Trap. The Devil he did? — Why it was e'en his own doing, and ſo he could give the beſt Account of it.

Mag. Be not diſmay'd; Preferment waits upon thee. I am ſo far from hurting thee, that from poor *Trapolin* I'll make thee a Prince.

Trap. Look ye there agen! he knows my Name too; for certain this muſt be the Devil's Kinſman — A Prince! poor *Trapolin* thanks you, Father Conjurer, but has no mind to domineer in Hell; I know where your Territories lie.

Mag. Beſotted Wretch! thou doſt not underſtand me. I tell thee, Son, thou ſhalt return to *Florence.*

Trap. And be hang'd there for my labour.

Mag. Be honour'd there, exalted o'er thy Fellows.

Trap. On a Gibbet.

Mag. There thou ſhalt ſhine in Wealth, and roll in Plenty; the Treaſures of the *Eaſt* ſhall court thy Wearing, and crowding Beauties ſue for thy Embraces.

Trap. Sure I muſt have pimp'd for this old Fellow formerly. Well, as you ſay, Father Conjurer, (on ſome private Reaſons that I have) this may not do amiſs: But how ſhall it be done?

Mag. By *Eo*, *Meo*, and *Areo.*

Trap. What they mean, I know not; but I am ſatisfied 'tis but going to the Devil for it: And ſo much for that matter.

Mag. Here, ſit you in this Chair, and ſee the Wonders of my Art. *Eo*, *Meo*, and *Areo*, ariſe.

Trap. What will become of this temporal Body of mine? I am glew'd to my Seat here. — But here me, good Father, muſt this diabolical Retinue of yours needs appear?

Mag. Of indiſpenſible Neceſſity.

Trap. Then, good Father, let them appear inviſible; I have no great Inclination to their Company: to tell you the Truth, I like yours none of the beſt; you're like the Devil enough to ſerve my turn. ——— Oh, Lord! [*ſinks.*

Mag. Now by the moſt prevailing Spell
That e'er amaz'd the Powers of Hell,
That midnight Witches ever try'd,
When *Cynthia* did the Creſcent hide;
While watchful Dogs to bark forbore,
The Wolf to howl, the Sea to roar:
While *Robin* does his Midnight Chare,
And Plowmen ſweat beneath the Mare:
By all the Terrors of my Skill,
I charge you execute my Will.
Now, proud *Lavinio*, little doſt thou know
This ſecret Practice of my juſt Revenge.

[*Thunder*, Trapolin *riſes dreſt like the Duke, with Devils.*

Trap. Oh Father! what Metal do you take me to be made of? I am not uſed to travel under Ground: Oh for a Dram of the Bottle, of a Quart or two. Call you this Preferment? Marry, he deſerves it that goes to the Devil for't.—— But I ſee no Preferment neither.

Mag. Thou doſt not know thyſelf: look in that Mirrour. [*ſhews a Glaſs.*

Trap. Who's there? the Duke? Your Highneſs is well return'd: Your faithful Servant *Trapolin* begs of your Grace to call him home, and hang up this old Wizard; he'll conjure you out of your Wits elſe, and your People out of your Dominions. What's he gone again? he's for his Friſque under Ground too.—— I have made way for him, I have work'd like any Mole, and made Holes you may thruſt Churches through.

Mag. What in the Glaſs thou ſaw'ſt, is but thy Picture.

Trap. If that be my Picture, I am the Picture of the Duke.

Mag. And ſhalt be taken for the Duke himſelf;
As thou didſt here ſeem to thyſelf,
So ſhalt thou to the World appear the perfect Duke.
To *Florence* then, and take thy State upon thee.

Trap. Truſt me for Duking it. I long to be at it.

——I

— I know not why every Man ſhould not be a Duke in his turn. Father Conjurer, Time is precious with us great Perſons, and ſo farewell.

Mag. Stay Son, take this enchanted Power with thee;
Preſerve it carefully, for at thy greateſt need
'Twill give thee Aid: When any Foe aſſaults thee,
Caſt but this magick Powder in his Face,
And thou ſhalt ſee moſt wonderful Effects.

Trap. Good! now I am ſatisfied I am the Duke, which ſome ſhall rue. — Good Father, fare you well. — *Eo, Meo,* and *Areo,* ſtick cloſe.

AIR XI. In a Bank of Flowers, &c.

Since the Buſineſs of a State's too large
For any Man alone,
From others Care I take the Charge,
To lay it on my own.
Then how I'll work the ſervile Rout,
New Fav'rites make, turn old ones out,
dal, la, la.
Thus the World is wheel'd about. [Exit.

AIR XII. What tho' they call me Country Laſs.

Trap. *Now that I'm Duke, I'll ſtrut right high:*
Come, Courtiers, flatter, fawn and lie:
What are the greateſt more than I,
But a Stand by, clear the way.
And ſince ſo kindly is my Fate,
With this new Face I'll put on State;
And ſome ſhall fall as I grow great:
I pant to ſee the Day.

SCENE III. *The Palace.*

Enter Barberino *and* Flametta.

Flam. I Do beſeech your Honour repeal my only Joy, my baniſh'd *Trapolin*; take pity on a help-

leſs Virgin's Tears, abandon'd to Diſtreſs. You muſt, —— you will; —— for as our Sovereign left his Power with you, he left his Mercies too.

Barb. Indeed, my pretty one, you wrong your Charms. Nay, I muſt ſay you wrong your Virtue too, By this Concern for an abandon'd Slave, Devoted to all Crimes: Forget, and ſcorn him.

Flam. I gave my Heart before I knew his Vices, But it will be my Triumph to reclaim him. You indeed, Sir, may think the Man unworthy of a Woman's Love; but, to be ſure, the Woman in Love will be of a contrary Opinion. Beſides, Sir, you're his Rival; and tho' by prejudicing him, you may hope to profit yourſelf, I have a Maxim will ſtop all further Pretenſions.

AIR XIII. Buff Coat.

When once the fond Maid
Has Man in her Head,
In ſpite of all Reaſon ſhe'll love him;
And till ſhe has got
Your Worſhip knows what,
The Devil can never remove him.

Alack-a-day then,
'Tis twenty to ten,
The Rogue to be gone will endeavour;
But ſhe that for Life
Is once made his Wife,
May hold her own firmly for ever.

But, I beſeech your Honour call him home.

Barb. And what Return may I expect for this?

Flam. Goodneſs has always been its own Reward. But to convince you that your Courteſy ſhall not be wholly thrown away upon me, by Day or Night you ſhall command ——

Barb. What?

Flam.

Flam. My Prayers.

Barb. A very hopeful Recompence truly!
What Stateſman ever yet took Prayers for Pay?
Deluded Maid, thou doſt not know thy Worth,
This Beauty muſt not be a Beggar's Prize,
Deſign'd by Nature for a nobler Sphere.

Flam. Are you our Prince, my Lord?

Barb. What means that Queſtion?

Flam. If you were, the Prince ſhou'd be deny'd.

Barb. Then much more I. Why do I trifle thus?
I am no Prince, yet will not be deny'd.

Flam. My Lord *Barberino*, what do you intend?
Heav'n ſhield me!

AIR XIV. My Deary, if thou die.

Pure, as the new fallen Snow appears,
The ſpotleſs Virgin's Fame,
Unſully'd white her Boſom bears:
As fair her Form and Fame:
But when ſhe's ſoil'd, her Luſtre greets
Th' admiring Eye no more;
She ſinks to Mud, defiles the Streets,
And ſwells the common Shore.

Sure you deſign me no Violence, my Lord.'

Barb. What I intend is Love. If you refuſe, you make the Rape.

Enter Servant.

Serv. The Duke, my Lord; his Highneſs is returned from *Milan.*

Barb. Ha? the Duke returned from *Milan!* Thou art mad.

Serv. Juſt now arriv'd, my Lord, and coming hither.

Barb. Here, diſpoſe of her as I commanded thee.
Till I find out the Meaning of this Dream.
Ha! that's his Voice, and here he comes in Perſon.
Let her go, Slave: —away, dear Maid, away. [*Exit* Fl.

Enter

Enter Trapolin, Alberto, Spirits, Attendants.

Great Sir, upon our Knees, we welcome your Return.

Trap. And upon our Legs we take it. — Hem, hem!

Alb. Your Highneſs comes unlook'd for. We did not expect this happy Time ſo ſoon by fourteen Days.

Barb. So, pleaſe your Grace, where is our Dutcheſs?

Trap. Your Dutcheſs will not come till the Gods know when; for my part I know nothing of the Matter.

Alb. What means your Highneſs?

Trap. Our Highneſs means to take an exact Account of Affairs. I left an honeſt Fellow here, call'd *Trapolin*; what's become of him?

Barb. Your Highneſs gave me charge to baniſh him.

Trap. Why, there's the very Pillar of our State gone: You took him for a Buffoon; but I found him one of the beſt Politicians in Chriſtendom. Other Countries will value him; and for ought I know, he's a Prince by this time. *Eo*, *Meo*, and *Areo*, — brave Lads ſtill, —

Alb. This is mere Frenzy.

Trap. And there's another Friend o' mine, *Brunetto*, where is he?

Alb. Dread Sir, your Highneſs knows, that for his Preſumption in courting your Siſter, you confin'd him.

Trap. Nothing but Lying in this World! I confine him! 'Tis well known I never had a Siſter in my Life.

Barb. No Siſter, Sir!

Trap. No, *Jack Sauce*, none that's worth impriſoning a Friend for. — Honeſt *Brunetto*, I'll be with thee in the twinkling of a — *Eo*, *Meo*, and *Areo*, ſit faſt, Boys. — Paſs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV. *A Priſon.*

Brunetto ſolus.

AIR XV. Upbraid me not, capricious Fair.

HOw ſervile is the State of Man!
How reſtleſs and unfix'd!
Ev'n Days, which Revelling began,
With Grief are intermixt:
Love's fatal Dart attacks the Breaſt,
When quiet and ſerene;
And when harſh Care has diſpoſſeſt,
The delighting Monarch's Reſt,
'Tis Anarchy within.

Unhurt by Fear,
The airy warbling Choir,
Taſte of Love;
No Thought of Care
Annoys the Brute's Deſire
In the Grove.
'Tis only Man's unhappy State,
Theſe Miſeries to bear;
Conſpir'd with ſome Rival's Hate,
Thouſand preſſing Evils wait,
all wait
In dreadful Phantoms near.

Enter Trapolin.

Trap. What a diſmal Place is here! I'll have it carried bodily out of my Dukedom.

Brun. Great Prince! —

Trap. He makes a very low Leg; but I ſcorn to be out-done in Courteſy, my beſt Friend *Brunetto.*

Brun. I am aſtoniſh'd! Sir, upon my Knees, I congratulate your ſafe Return.

Trap.

Trap. And, upon my Knees, I do embrace thee, honeſt *Brunetto.*

Brun. I know not what to think or ſpeak: I do beſeech your Highneſs riſe.

Trap. Not without thee; —— therefore up, I ſay. Away with Compliments, I cannot abide them.

Brun. You honour me above Expreſſion.

Trap. A Fig for Honour! I love thee, Man. Sirrah, Jailor, bring Chairs here preſently.

Brun. Your Highneſs —

Trap. Away with Highneſs, I ſay away with it; call me *Lavin*, plain *Medices.*

Brun. Sure I am awake, this is no Dream.

Trap. We will live happily together, i'faith we will. — Come, Sirrah, what a while have you been bringing theſe Chairs? I have known a Pimp made a Prince in leſs Time. — *Brunetto*, ſit thee down, ſit down, I ſay.

Brun. I will attend your Highneſs on my Knees.

Trap. Why, I am not thy Father, am I? Sit thee here.

Brun. On the right Hand! that muſt not be.

Trap. Why, an' thou wilt have it there, there let it be. — But hold, I am miſtaken, that is on the left Hand, that muſt not be; doſt think I have no Manners?

Brun. There is no Remedy, I muſt obey.

Trap. Very well. — What now? art thou afraid of me? marry, an' thou draw'ſt back, I'll draw back too; therefore ſit ſtill, I ſay, and let us talk. I prithee, Man, how cam'ſt thou in this damn'd Dungeon?

Brun. Ay, now the Storm comes. Pardon me, dread Sir.

Trap. What, on thy Knees again? Doſt thou take me for *Mahomet?* As well as I can pardon thee, I do pardon thee, whatever it be.

Brun. Your Highneſs knows, my Crime was in aſpiring to your Royal Siſter.

Trap. Haſt married her?

Brun.

Brun. I beſeech your Grace.

Trap. Well! an' thou haſt not, get her Conſent, and here I give you mine. So come along to Dinner.

Brun. Your Highneſs ſhall command me unto Death.

Trap. I ſay, thou ſhalt have her; and if I had two Siſters, thou ſhould'ſt have 'em both. Who waits there?

Enter Barberino, Alberto.

Now, my Lords, you ſee this Apartment, and you thought fit to have *Brunetto* ſhut up here, for making Love to my Siſter.

Alb. It was your Highneſs's Judgment and Command.

Trap. Jailor, take theſe two coxcombly Lords, and keep 'em under Lock. They're never well, but when they're doing Miſchief.

AIR XVI. My Dady forbad.

Trap. *Such Hang dogs of State,*
They ſwell up ſo great,
By Pimping, by Flatt'ring and Lying,
That the crafty vile Rooks,
Make a Blind of their Dukes,
While their Favours they're ſelling and buying.

But we'll let them know
We'll not be led ſo,
As we pleaſe we will ſmile or we'll frown, Boy;
We Tuſcany's *Duke*
On no Man will look
With any one's Eyes but our own, Boy.

In my Conſcience and Soul, here is ſuch an Incumbrance of Perplexity, that I proteſt — Come along, Friend. —

SCENE

SCENE V. *The Palace.*

Re-enter Trapolin.

Trap. THis Duke's Life is a glorious one! Did ever Man come to Preferment upon lighter Terms? I am made a Prince, and Father Conjurer goes to the Devil for't.

Enter Flametta.

Who's here? my pretty little Rogue; I wonder, what makes her at Court?

Flam. Here's the Duke alone, whom I ſo long have ſought for, to petition for the Repeal of my dear *Trapolin*. I beſeech your Grace, take pity of a Maid bereav'd of all her Joys.

Trap. All her Joys, that's me.

Flam. I humbly beg, poor baniſh'd *Trapolin* may be recall'd.

Trap. Dear Honey-ſuckle, ſhe ev'n makes me weep.

Flam. Great Sir, that you have noble Thoughts.

Trap. I have ſo.

Flam. The World is Witneſs, and heart-full of Commiſeration.

Trap. Now will I teaze the poor Fool.'— But *Trapolin* is a poor ſcoundrel, beggarly, pimping Knave,— and it behoves us to keep our Dominions free from ſuch.

Flam. Alas! Sir, he has his Faults, as all Men have; but no other. My Lord *Barberino* has perſwaded me

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Trap. To think no more of him:— I do the ſame — Hang him, hang him; if you love him, 'tis ſo much Love thrown away.

Flam. Alas! Sir, you can't judge.

Trap. Not judge! and a Perſon in power! Grandeur gives a Man a true Knowledge of every body's Buſineſs but his own.

AIR

AIR XVII. When my Love the other Day.

Flam. *When fond Love's too fatal Dart,*
Once has touch'd the Maiden's Heart;
Led her eaſy Soul aſtray,
Reaſon may in vain eſſay;
And diſcover,
In the Rover,
Faults to fright her eaſy Mind;
Love to all thoſe Faults is blind.

Trap. Now, ſuppoſe I was to ſupply his Place?
Flam. I hope your Highneſs will deſiſt from ſuch an Attempt. Conſider, Sir, the Crime in perſuading a Maid to violate her Vows.

AIR XVIII. Dainty *Davy.*

Trap. *Come, come, my pretty dainty Queen,*
Ceaſe your ſighing,
Sobbing, crying.
Flam. *What can your noble Highneſs mean?*
Trap. *Come my Dear, and try me,*
I'll only take a Kiſs or two.
Flam. *Oh bleſs my Heart! what wou'd you do?*
Trap. *Nothing ſtrange, nor odd, nor new,*
And ſure you won't deny me.

Flam. Let me implore you.
Trap. I cannot hold out any longer.——Doſt thou ſtill love this ſame *Trapolin?*

AIR XIX. Hap me with thy Petticoat.

Flam. *Love's the young Heroe Victory,*
Love, pamper'd Prieſts, young Nuns;
Do good Men joy in Clemency,
And witling in their Puns?

Do Poets take Delight in Praiſe?
The Beau in Laces clean?
So lov'd I, and will all my Days,
My baniſhed Trapolin.

Trap. Trapolin's an honeſt hearty Cock as any in *Florence*; and I do promiſe you upon the Honour of a Man, and the Dignity of a Duke, he ſhall be recall'd. Some of my roguy Lords talk of hanging him; but I do aſſure you, that if ever they hang him, they ſhall hang me; and ſo ſet thy Heart at reſt.

Flam. Heav'n bleſs your Highneſs, whoſe kind Indulgence to a ſimple Maid has eas'd her of the Pangs which Love and tedious Abſence caus'd. [*Exit.*

[*a confus'd Noiſe without.*

Trap. Heyday! What's here to do?

Enter Officer.

Offic. Dread Sir, this is the Day in which your Highneſs is wont to hear and determine Cauſes in your Chair of State; and accordingly here are ſeveral Perſons come to your Highneſs for Juſtice.

Trap. What, Juſtice before I have din'd? I tell you it is a dangerous thing. I had like to have been hang'd once my ſelf, becauſe the Judge was faſting.

AIR XX. *Wincheſter* Wedding.

His Fate the poor pitiful Sinner,
Ought ev'ry Minute to watch;
When the Judge is in want of his Dinner,
He hangs up the Men for diſpatch.

But he that wou'd fain be us'd kind,
And live betwixt Terror and Hope;
If he ſtay till his Lordſhip has din'd,
May ſlip his Neck out of the Rope.

Well,

Well, let 'em enter. Here ſits the Government. In the firſt place, I wou'd have the Court take notice, that in Affairs of State, I think that Words are not to be multiply'd; and if I think ſo, I ſhall not do ſo; and if I do not, no body elſe muſt—So that in this Aſſembly, he that ſpeaks little, will fare better than he that talks much; and he that ſays nothing, better than both.

Several Men and Women brought in.

1*ſt Wom.* I do beſeech your Highneſs to do me Juſtice. I have liv'd long with Fame among my Neighbours: My Husband too bore Offices in the Pariſh, till he was kill'd in fighting for your Highneſs, and left me but this dear and only Daughter, whom this old Sinner has debauch'd, and ſpoil'd her Fortune.

Trap. Debauch'd! that is to ſay, lay with her, and got her Maidenhead.

1*ſt Wom.* Your Highneſs has a moſt diſcerning Judgment.

Trap. And how did he do this? lawfully, by the help of a Pimp, or unlawfully, without it.

1*ſt Wom.* Oh, moſt unlawfully, Sir, for he has a Wife and a Son of his own Inches.

Trap. A Son of his own Inches! Good! then the Deciſion of this Cauſe is eaſy—Do you hear, Woman, we will have that Son debauch'd; you ſhall get the Son's Maidenhead, and ſpoil his Fortune.

1*ſt Wom.* I do beſeech your Grace———.

Trap. No replying after Sentence. Whoſe Cauſe is next?

2*d Wom.* Great Duke of *Tuſcany*, vouchſafe to hear me. I am a poor and helpleſs Widow, one that had no Comfort left me but my Child, whom this vile Minion, *Whip*, the Coachman, being drunk, drove over, and left him dead; I do beſeech your Highneſs make my Caſe your own, and think what ſad Diſtreſs—

Trap. Hold, hold, I will have no flouriſhing. This Cauſe requires ſome half a Minute's Conſideration

more than the former. *Whip*, you ſay, being drunk, drove over your Child, and kill'd him: Why, look you, Woman, Drink will make a Coachman a Prince; and *vice verſa*, by the Rule of Proportion, a Prince a Coachman; ſo that this may be my own Caſe another time. However, that ſhall be no Obſtruction to Juſtice; therefore *Whip* ſhall lie with you, and be ſuſpended from driving, till he has whip'd you up another Child.

2d Wom. So pleaſe your Grace, this is ſtill worſe.

Trap. No replying after Sentence: Who's next?

Quaker. So pleaſe your temporal Authority.

Trap. How now, my mortify'd Brother, what carnal Controverſy are you engag'd in?

Quak. Verily there is nothing carnal in my Cauſe: I have ſuſtained Violence, much Violence, and muſt have much Compenſation from the Ungodly.

Trap. What's your Grievance?

Quak. I will pour it forth in the Words of Sincerity.

Trap. I care not a Farthing for Sincerity, let me have it in Brevity.

Quak. This Perſon here is by Occupation a Maſon or Tyler, as the Language of the World termeth it: Whilſt therefore I ſtood contemplating a new Manſion, that I had prepared unto myſelf, at the ſame time that this Perſon occupy'd his Vocation aloft thereon, or rather ſhou'd have occupy'd; ſuch was his wicked Negligence, that he fell from the Top of the Building moſt unconſcionably, and bruiſed my outward Man; even with all his carnal Weight, and almoſt bruiſed me unto the death, I being clad in thin Array (through the immoderate Heat of the Seaſon) namely, five Caſſocks or Coats, ſeven Cloaks, and one dozen of quilted Caps.

Trap. Believe me, Sirs, a moſt important Matter! If ſuch Enormities go unpuniſh'd, what Subject can be ſafe?—Why, if a perverſe Fellow take a Pique againſt his Neighbour, 'tis but getting eight, or ten, or four-

teen

teen Stories high, and ſo fall down upon him as he ſtands, thinking no Harm, in the Street: I do therefore decree, that this Tyler ſhall ſtand below, while you get upon the Battlements of the Houſe, and fall down upon him.

Quak. This is ſtill moſt monſtrous.

Trap. As for petty Cauſes, let them wait; for till great Rogues are regulated, little Fools are not worth notice. *Eo*, *Meo*, and *Areo*, cloſe Lads.

AIR XXI. Gamiorum.

Since in ev'ry Degree of Men,
Servants follow their Maſters,
Kirkers-*like*, *what Elders pen,*
High Zealots mitred Paſtors.
Roguery on all attends,
'Twixt Creditors and Debitors;
Hang the Knave that ever mends,
A Day before his Betters.

[Exeunt.

Enter Lavinio, Iſabella, Attendants.

Lav. My Heart's beſt Treaſure, charming *Iſabel*,
You are moſt welcome to the Court of *Florence*;
And when I loſe the Senſe of ſuch a Bleſſing,
Let me become a tributary Lord,
And hold my Birthright at another's Will.

Iſab. Dread Sir, I know and prize my Happineſs;
Bleſt doubly in your Fortunes, and your Love.

Lav. My Abſence from Affairs ſo long — requires
My cloſe Attendance now for ſome few Hours;
Then I'll return to ſettle Love's Account:
Mean while our Princeſs, and her Train, once more
Shall welcome you to *Florence*.

[*Exeunt all but* Lavinio *and Guards.*

Scene opens, and diſcovers the Priſon.

The Face of Things ſeems alter'd ſince I went;
Some ſtrange fantaſtick Humour has poſſeſt,

In general, the Citizens of *Florence:*
As yet I've met with none but ſpeak
Of Matters done by me before I came.
Call *Barberino* and *Alberto* to me, they'll ſoon reſolve.

[Barberino *and* Alberto *appear thro' the Grates.*

Barb. Moſt Gracious Sir,
Pity your Subjects, and moſt faithful Servants.

Lav. Confuſion! Are my Eyes and Ears both charm'd?
Our Deputies, whom we did leave in Truſt
Of our whole Power, confin'd in Goal!
Set them at Liberty, and in my Preſence now.
Sure ſome ill Spirit has poſſeſt
My Subjects Minds, when I was gone.
Do you know me?

Barb. The Duke of *Florence*, our moſt gracious Maſter.

Lav. Are you not call'd *Barberino*, you *Alberto?*
My prudent, faithful Counſellors, to whom
I left the Government of *Tuſcany.*

Alb. We are your loyal Subjects, tho' your Priſoners.

Lav. How came you ſo?

Barb. Great Sir, yourſelf well knows,
'Twas only for obeying your Commands.

Lav. Some Frenzy has on the poor Wretches ſeiz'd!
My good Lords, I do beſeech you to collect your Wits,
And tell me gently how you came in Priſon.

Barb. By the Proſperity of *Tuſcany*, your Highneſs left us there.

Lav. When did I ſo?

Alb. The ſelf-ſame time you went in Perſon thither to free *Brunetto.*

Lav. 'Sdeath! whom! what *Brunetto?*

Barb. Your Priſoner taken in the *Mantuan* Wars.

Lav. I can ſuſtain no more: Come hither, Captain, theſe Lords affirm I put 'em into Priſon.

Capt.

Capt. Your Highneſs did, you ſaw them left in Cuſtody that Minute you freed *Brunetto.*

Lav. He's in the ſame Tale.
Tho' they are all alike depriv'd of Senſe,
Yet do they all agree in what they ſay:
But why, good Captain, (I will reaſon't with you)
Shou'd I deſire *Brunetto*'s Liberty?
Wou'd it not be Diſhonour to our Houſe,
To caſt away our Siſter, upon one,
We neither yet know whom, or what he is?

Capt. Sir, it is certain, I did hear you,
To call *Brunetto* Prince *Horatio,*
The ſecond Son to the Duke of *Savoy.*

Lav. Vengeance! my Wonder is ſo great,
That I want Words wherewith to give it Vent.

Capt. Nay more, your Highneſs gave the Princeſs Charge,
That ſhe prepar'd herſelf; for in two Days,
You'd ſee her married to the Prince *Horatio.*

Lav. Captain, I ſwear to you, by my Dukedom,
I'd rather ſend for that *Brunetto*'s Head.

Capt. I beſeech your Highneſs, let your own Eyes
Convince you of the Truth of what I've ſaid.

Enter Brunetto, *and* Prudentia.

Brun. Divine *Prudentia!* all thy Sexes Charms in thee are center'd.

AIR XXII. Yellow-hair'd Laddie.

Some charm with their Deſcent, and ſome with their Face;
Some enchant with a manner, and ſome with a Grace;
Some only wiſh Riches to engage them for Life;
Some value nothing but Wit in a Wife:
But in my dear Choice all Excellencies ſhine,
And point her out ſprung from a Source that's divine.
But in, &c.

Prud.

Prud. *Tho' an Enemy captive I view'd your Deſert,*
Which darted a Conqueſt on my yielding Heart;
And now, without Bluſhing, I own you my Choice;
A Brother conſenting gives Cauſe to rejoice.
And ſince my Heart vanquiſh'd no longer is mine,
Accept on't and cheriſh't, as I will do thine.
And ſince, &c.

AIR XXIII. *Europa* fair.

Brun. *Long gloomy Night,*
Clouded Delight,
Now Care diſperſes before the bright Day.
Prud. *Pleaſures improve*
Paſſionate Love,
Tranſport appears in its gaudy Array.
Brun. *To thy fond Breaſt,*
I fly for Reſt.
Prud. *Now Hope appears,*
To quell our Fears,
Only your Faith my Soul alarms.
Bru. *All my Heav'n is in your Arms.*

Lav. Whirlwinds part 'em.
Prud. My Royal Brother!
Lav. Damn'd infernal Creature!
Brun. I did ſuſpect at firſt, 'twas his Diſtraction,
That favour'd my aſpiring Hopes.
Prud. Wherein, dear Sir, have I deſerv'd this Uſage?
Was't not your Orders?
Lav. I'll ſpend no Breath upon ſo vile a thing.
You Sir, my new made Favourite, come near,
And tell me, are you Son to *Savoy*'s Duke?
Brun. Your Highneſs knows, I am his ſecond Son.
Lav. I know you are his ſecond Son!
The Frenzy has ſeiz'd him too;
Then know, Sir, were you *Savoy*'s eldeſt Son,
My Siſter once deſerv'd a better Match.
To Priſon with the Boaſter, till *Savoy* fetch him thence.
Banb. This reliſhes of Reaſon.

All.

Alb. Heav'n preſerve this Temper, and reſtore the Peace of *Florence.*

AIR XXIV. Dying Swan.

Brun. *The Veſſel thus by gentle Gales,*
When waſted near the Land,
Some adverſe Wind ſoon ſwells the Sails,
And bears her from the Strand.

Prud. *The frighted Crew, with wiſhing Eyes,*
Look back upon the Shore;
Till, with the Surges, Fears ariſe,
They'll ne'er behold it more.

Both. *Till, with,* &c. [*Exit Brun.*

Lav. Come, my Lords, and lend your beſt Aſſiſtance to me.
Sleep ſhall not cloſe my Eyes, nor Food refreſh me,
Till I have ſearch'd this Miſchief to the Core.
We'll ſtop at no Extreams of Blood and Torture.
Baulk no rough Means, that may our Peace ſecure;
Such deſperate Ills muſt have a deſperate Cure.
[*Exeunt.*

AIR XXV. Love's a Dream of mighty Treaſure.

Prud. *With what vaſt unequal Meaſure,*
Fortune deals our Bliſs and Woe:
Happy ſome taſte only Pleaſure;
Others only Sorrows know.

Enter Trapolin.

Trap. Who's here? The Princeſs in Tears? Siſter, how doſt thou do? Come, I know your Grievance; and, out of my natural Affection, have taken Care for you—You marry the Prince *Horatio* this Night.

Prud. A Minute then has chang'd his ſullen Humour. Why then, Sir, have you made him a cloſe Priſoner?

Trap. A Priſoner ſay you? Run Guards, and fetch him to our Preſence. Do not ſo abuſe yourſelf, dear Siſter,

Siſter, to think I wou'd confine my Friend to Priſon.

Prud. You did it, Sir, this Minute; he's ſcarce there yet.

Trap. Madam Siſter, if I did it, it was in my Drink, and certainly I had ſome politick Reaſon for't, which I have now forgot——Some more Wine, Slave.

AIR XXVI. Let's be jovial.

'Tis Wine that clears the Underſtanding,
Makes Men learned without Books;
It fits the General for commanding,
And gives Sodgers fiercer Looks.
With a fal, la, la, &c.

'Tis Wine that gives a Life to Lovers,
Heightens Beauties of the Fair;
Truth from Falſhood it diſcovers,
Quickens Joys and conquers Care.
With a fal, la, la, &c.

Wine will ſet our Souls on Fire,
Fit us for all glorious Things;
When rais'd by Bacchus, *we aſpire*
At Flights above the Reach of Kings.
With a fal, la, la, &c.

Bring in the beſt of Bottles plenty,
See each Glaſs a Bumper crown'd;
None ſhall flinch, till they be empty,
And full fifty Toaſts gone round.
With a fal, la, la, &c.

Enter Brunetto.

Brun. How ſoon his Mind is chang'd? the Heav'ns be prais'd!

Trap. Dear Prince *Horatio*, an' you do not forgive my locking you in Priſon, I ſhall never be merry again. And ſo here's to you, dear Prince *Horatio*.

Brun.

Brun. Upon my Knees I pay my humbleſt Thanks.

AIR XXVII. *Bury* Fair.

The Bird whom Fate oppreſſing,
Had coop'd within a Grate,
Once taſting Freedom's Bleſſing,
Flies ſwiftly to his Mate.
Prud. *His tender Conſort when alone,*
Gave way to penſive Grief,
At Sight of him (by Pleaſure won)
Finds quick and ſure Relief.
Brun. *So fly I to your lovely Arms,*
Prud. *So I receive you there.*
Both. *Well bask where wanton* Cupid *warms,*
Since Joy ſucceeds our Care.

Trap. Come, come, take her along, young Man, take her along. I know Lovers wou'd be private; and ſo agree the reſt among yourſelves.

[*Exeunt Brun. Prud.*

Barberino *and* Alberto *croſſing the Stage.*

Who's yonder, my Lord's Baniſhers at large again? Will the Government never be able to drink at quiet for them? Seize the Traitors there, and carry them to Priſon. And do you hear, Sirrah; it ſhall be Treaſon for any body to let them out.

Offic. Unleſs by Order from your Highneſs.

Trap. Orders from my Highneſs! I tell you, Raſcal, it ſhall be Treaſon to let them out, tho' I command it myſelf. Away with them, go.

Enter Iſabella.

What *Bona Roba* have we her own?

Iſa. My deareſt Lord.

Trap. For her Dreſs and Beauty, ſhe may be a Dutcheſs. Who are you, Madam?

Iſa.

Iſa. Do you not know me, Sir? Am I ſo alter'd ſince I came from *Milan?*

Trap. Oh! 'tis the Dutcheſs. You are our Wife, you'll ſay.

Iſa. Sir!

Trap. I am glad of it, I promiſe you. Come, kiſs me then incontinently.

Iſa. What mean you, Sir? You are merrily diſpos'd.

Trap. Madam Dutcheſs, I am ſomewhat jovial indeed: I have been drinking freely, and ſo kiſs me agen.

Iſa. My Lord!

Trap. You're a proper handſome Woman, I promiſe you; and tell me, Madam Dutcheſs, am not I a proper handſome Fellow?

Iſa. Sir, do not jeſt with me, you know you are the Man whom I eſteem above the World.

Trap. What a winning Look was there too?—To Bed, my Dear, to Bed: I'll but take t'other Flask to put State-Affairs out of my Head, and then——ha, ha——

AIR XXVIII. Come Neighbours now.

While ploting Stateſmen, form dull Schemes
Of War and Peace,
And Stocks increaſe,
In Brokers golden Dreams:
'Tis Love and Wine muſt fill our Mind:
And if we Fortune ſmiling find,
With open Arms
We meet her Charms,
Like any Laſs that's kind.
Then we'll toſs off our Bowls
And away with dull Sorrow;
Graſp the kind preſent Hour,
And truſt Fate for to Morrow.

AIR

AIR XXIX. Come brave Boys let's charge, &c.

None but Fools will think of loving,
Till they're warmly flush'd with Wine;
Bacchus *firſt, the Flame approving,*
Sure to ſpeed at Beauty's Shrine.
Wine expert will prompt Deſire,
Such as Woman ne'er can blame;
Raiſes high the glowing Fire,
Yet ſoon cools the burning Dame.

[Exeunt.

Enter Lavinio *and* Captain.

Lav. You glorious Planets that do nightly guide
The giddy Ships upon the Ocean's Waves;
If ſome of your malignant Influences,
Have rais'd this Madneſs in my Subjects Minds,
Let ſome of your more gentle Aſpects now,
Reſtore them to their Senſes.

[Barberino *and* Alberto *appear in Priſon.*

My Lords impriſon'd! free 'em inſtantly.

Barb. Moſt gracious Sovereign, how have we deſerv'd,
Thus to be made the Scoff of vulgar Eyes?

Lav. I wonder, Lords, that you of all my Subjects
Shou'd thus diſtract yourſelves in your wild Fits:
You run to Priſon of your own Accord, and ſay I ſent you.

Alb. Moſt Royal Sir, you did command us hither.

Lav. I?

Barb. Your Highneſs' ſelf.

Capt. So pleaſe your Grace, you did agen commit 'em
That very Hour in which you ſet 'em free.

Lav. I commit 'em! I tell you all with Sorrow, you are all mad.
Therefore, in this ſmall Interval of Senſe,

Betake you with one Voice to your Devotion,
And pray the incens'd Gods to be appeas'd,
And keep you from Relapſe.

Both. Heav'ns bleſs your Highneſs.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Brunetto, Prudentia.

AIR XXX. Why will *Florella*, whilſt I gaze.

Brun. *I wonder not that Harms appear,*
Where Hearts by Love are ſway'd:
Pleaſure can never come ſincere,
While Power is obey'd.
The ſudden Glooms, dark Nights diſcloſe,
Will juſtle with the Morn;
The Briers ſweet, the bluſhing Roſe,
Are guarded by a Thorn.

Enter Lavinio.

Lav. What do I ſee? *Brunetto* unconfin'd?
Hell! they kiſs, embrace before my Eyes! My Guards there!

Enter Captain *and* Guards.

Brun. Ha! he's chang'd agen.

Prud. My noble Brother.

Lav. Off! Had'ſt thou Reaſon, and ſhou'd'ſt offer this,
I'd ſtudy Tortures for thee — as thou art,
I pity thy Misfortunes — ſeize your Priſoner;
Next time I ſee him free, your Head is forfeit.

Prud. Wonders on Wonders! I beſeech you, Sir, by all the Bonds of Nature, for what Cauſe?

Lav. It is in vain to anſwer frantick People.

AIR XXXI. Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.

Sparks unheeded, quickly blazing,
Burn the nobleſt Buildings down;
And the Sailors, idly gazing,
Leaks neglected, Veſſels drown.

All promote their own Undoing,
Who remiſs behold its Riſe:
Caution is the Check of Ruin,
And Diſtinction of the Wiſe.

[*Exit.*

[*Scene draws, and ſhews* Trapolin *aſleep;*
Flasks of Wine by him.

Trap. What a princely Nap have I taken? But as I remember, I was to have gone to my Dutcheſs, or dreamt ſo. Give me a Bumper.

Enter Barberino, Alberto.

My Lords at large agen!

Barb. Long live your Highneſs.

Trap. Amen.

Alb. And happily.

Trap. Amen for that too.—But, my ſmall Friends, how came you hither? I thought you had been under Lock and Key.

Barb. Alas, he's relaps'd agen.

Trap. Sirrah, Captain, why kept you not theſe Vermin up till I bid you let 'em out?

Capt. So pleaſe your Grace, I did.

Trap. Will you lye, Raſcal, to my princely Face?

[*throws Wine in his Face.*

To kennel with them; walk, my good Lords Baniſhers, your Honours know the way—along with 'em, trugh, trugh.———Thus far, as I take it, we have kept the Government ſober, and in good Order.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Lavinio *haſtily, and* Servant.

Lav. Call *Barberino* and *Alberto* to me.

Serv. From Priſon, Sir?

Lav. From Priſon, Slave; what mean'ſt thou?

Serv. Your Highneſs but this Minute ſent 'em thither, nor will your Officer at my Requeſt releaſe 'em, it was ſo ſtrict a Charge you gave.

Lav. Here, take my Signet for a Token; bid 'em attend me inſtantly in my Apartment.

[*Exit* Servant.

It muſt, it muſt be ſo.—Some ſpiteful Fiend permitted by the Heav'ns, aſſumes my Shape—and what I do, undoes. No other Cauſe remains in Nature for ſuch ſtrange Effects. [*Exit.*

Scene changes.

Enter Trapolin, Servant.

Serv. Here's your Ring again, Sir.

Trap. What Ring?

Serv. Your Signet which you ſent me with; I have accordingly releas'd the Lords.

Trap. Give it me: Now, Slave, commend me to *Brunetto*, and bid him ſtart fair,

Serv. From Priſon, Sir?

Trap. From Priſon, ſay you? Here, take my Signet with you agen, and releaſe him; and ſay, I charge him on his Allegiance to go to Bed to the Princeſs.—Make all faſt without there: I can find the way to her Grace by my ſelf. [*Exit* Servant.

Enter Lavinio.

Lav. What do I ſee? This is the helliſh Phantom that has bred all this Confuſion in the Court. What art thou?

Trap. I am *Lavinio* Duke of *Tuſcany*.

Lav.

Lav. He ſpeaks too, and uſurps my Name. I'll try if thou haſt Subſtance——ſtruggle not, I'll have thee ſlead from thy enchanted Skin.

Trap. I ſay, beware of Treaſon. Flea off my Skin!

Both. Guards! Guards! a Traytor! a Traytor!

Trap. There's ſome of Father Conjurer's Powder for you; what it will do for me, I know not: But there it is. [*runs out.*

Lav. The Sorcerer has blinded me, ſtop the Traytor.——Help, Guards, Guards! [*Exit.*

Enter Flametta.

The indulgent Duke has repeal'd the Baniſhment of my dear *Trapolin*; Heav'n ſend that Abſence may not have chang'd his Mind, and that he return with a warm Heart to me.

AIR XXXII.

Fly, Cupid *fly, and give my Lover pain,*
For why ſhould he,
From Cares be free,
And I your Slave remain?
Then draw your Bow,
And let him know,
That you will be obey'd.
For why ſhould I,
Thus wiſhing lie,
And live a ſimple Maid? [Exit.

Re-enter Trapolin.

Trap. What will become of me? I never can have the Heart to ſwagger it out with him——the Guards are coming too. I ſhall be in a Tertian Ague quickly; the Fit's coming on me already. What an Aſs was I, to run thus far on the bare Word of a Conjurer, when, without doubt, it was the Devil ſpoke within him.

AIR XXXIII. The old Wife ſhe ſent to the Miller her Daughter.

Whoe'er would eſcape from the Dangers of Evil,
Muſt manage his Buſineſs with Cunning and Care;
And never rely on the Quirks of the Devil,
The Word of a Stateſman, the Faith of the Fair.
Courtiers but promiſe, to bubble their Friends;
Woman is kind, when it works her own Ends.
So ſtyly,
The wily
Old Belzebub *bends:*
But at a dead Lift,
They all leave you to ſhift,
Wounds! Pox take the Fool who on either depends.

Cheer up Heart, O rare Powder! It has done the Work i'faith, and this won't be my Fate.

Enter Lavinio *in* Trapolin's *Dreſs.*

Lav. I have thee, and will hold thee, wer't thou *Proteus.*

Trap. Help, Subjects, help ——— your Duke's aſſaulted!

Enter Captain, Guards.

Capt. What, *Trapolin* return'd! audacious Slave!

Trap. No, no, *Trapolin* was too honeſt to aſſault his natural Prince. —This is ſome Villain transform'd by Magick to his Likeneſs, and I'll have him flead out of his enchanted Skin.

Lav. Blood and Vengeance!

Trap. Look to him carefully till you have further Orders.—Now once more for our Dutcheſs.

[*Exit.*

Lav. Unhand me, Slaves, I am your Duke, your Sovereign; that Villain that went out, is a damn'd Impoſtor.

Capt.

Capt. Compoſe thyſelf, poor *Trapolin.*
Lav. What mean the Slaves by *Trapolin?*

Enter Servant.

Sir, Are you come? Where is my Ring?

Serv. Trapolin come home! and as great a Knave as ever!—It ſeems he has heard the Duke ſent me with his Ring, and this impudent Rogue thinks to get it.

Enter Flametta.

Flam. I'm overjoy'd, my Dear, you're welcome home—I fear'd, alas, I ſhou'd never ſee you more. Indeed, my Dear, you are beholden to me, 'twas I that won the Duke for your Repeal.

Lav. Blood and Fire!

Flam. This is unkind to treat me with ſo much Coldneſs after ſo long an Abſence. Have you then forgot my Truth and Conſtancy?

Lav. Off Strumpet!

Flam. Oh faithleſs Man! Women by me take heed,
You give not Credit to the perjur'd Sex.
Have I all thy long Baniſhment been true,
Refus'd Lord *Barberino*, and his Gifts;
And am I ſlighted thus?

AIR XXXIV. I wiſh my Love were in a Mire.

Inconſtant Youth! Behold a Maid,
Whoſe Virgin-Heart thou haſt betray'd:
O turn once more, that Face to ſee,
Which frown'd on Lords, to ſmile on thee.

From all the World I turn'd my Sight,
On thee to gaze, my chief Delight:
Titles and Wealth might others move,
But my Ambition was my Love.

Enter

Enter Barberino, Alberto.

Lav. My Lords, you cou'd not come in better Seaſon,
For never was your Prince ſo much diſtreſt.

Barb. What means the Vagabond? how came he home?
I hope the Duke will take care to reward him.

Lav. Nay, then Deſtruction is turn'd looſe upon me.

Flam. Alas, he's mad! diſtracted with his Baniſhment!

Enter Iſabella, Prudentia.

Prud. All theſe ſtrange Diſorders in the Court, muſt needs proceed from ſome prodigious Cauſe.

Lav *Prudentia*, Siſter, pity your Brother: Speak to theſe mad Subjects, who do not know their Prince.

Prud. What Fellow's this?

Capt. Off Sirrah!

Lav. Is ſhe bewitch'd too? My dear *Iſabella*,
Thou ſure will own the Duke thy Husband——
Ha!
She turns away in wonder!

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Lav. Nay, then 'tis time to lay me thus on Earth,
And grow one Piece with it.

[*falls on the Ground.*

Enter Brunetto.

Brun. Your Highneſs humble Servant, dear *Prudentia*,
The Duke once more conſents to make us happy.
Here is his Royal Signet for our Marriage.

Enter Trapolin.

Trap. *Eo*, *Meo*, and *Areo*, rare Boys ſtill——the Bed I have found, but no Dutcheſs; and not one of her

her Women can tell me where ſhe is —— Why here they are now all of a Bundle, dear Pig'snye! What a naughty Trick was this to ſpirit yourſelf away, when you know how frighted I am with lying alone——— My princely Friend, haſt thou conſummated? No! that ſneaking Look of thine confeſſes thee guilty.

AIR XXXV. Greenwood Tree.

A Woman like the liquid Tea,
Can yield no true Repaſt;
Till by a Man ſhe ſweeten'd be,
And ſuited to the Taſte.
Like Coffee ſinks the ſingle Dame,
To the Bottom of the Cup,
Till Man exciting Cupid's *Flame,*
Boils Inclination up.

Well married or not married, I am reſolved to ſee you a-bed incontinently.

Lav. The Devil you ſhall.

Flam. Dear *Trapolin*, be quiet——You'll deſtroy me and yourſelf. I do beſeech your Grace, forgive him. Alas, he's lunatick!

Trap. Poor *Trapolin*, that ever ſuch good Parts as thine ſhou'd come to this!

Lav. I am *Lavinio*, Duke of *Tuſcany*.

Flam. Nay, prithee *Trapolin*, hold thy Tongue, don't diſtract us at this rate.

Trap. Shew him the Glaſs.

Lav. What do I ſee? Ev'n thus I ſeem to them. Plagues, Death and Furies, this is Witchcraft all. Still I aſſert my Right——I am *Lavinio*.

Trap. Nay, then I ſee, he'll ne'er come to Good. To Priſon with him, take him away.

[Mago *appears in a Storm.*]

Mag. Turn thee, *Lavinio*, Duke of *Tuſcany*.

Lav.

Lav. Ha! what art thou, that owns my Power and Title?

Trap. Father Conjurer here! I warrant he's going to the Devil now, and calls at Court for Company.

Mag. Remember, *Guicardi*, the *Tuſcan* Count,
Whom twelve Years ſince, thou didſt unjuſtly baniſh;
Which tedious Hours I chiefly have apply'd
To magick Studies; and, in juſt Revenge,
Have rais'd theſe ſtrange Diſorders in thy Court.
Now pardon what is paſt, I'll ſet all right.

Lav. By all the Honours of my State, I will.

Trap. So, here's his Grace and the Devil upon Articles of Agreement; and excluding me from the Treaty. Well, I'll e'en baniſh myſelf, while I have the Authority in my own Hands. [*Exit.*

Mag. Then take that Chair——

[*places the Duke in a Chair.*

Brun. What mean theſe Prodigies?

Mag. You Spirits fram'd of milder Elements;
You that controul the black malicious Fiends,
Be kind once more, and execute my Will.

[*Spirits riſe and dance. Mean while the Duke is transform'd to his own Likeneſs.*

All. The Duke! Good Heav'n! long live your Highneſs.

Lav. Sure, all has been a Dream!

Mag. Brave Prince *Horatio*, your elder Brother, the Duke of *Savoy*'s dead.

Lav. Then he is *Savoy*.
Sir, I entreat Forgiveneſs of what's paſt, and wiſh you Joy—— [*gives him* Prudentia.

Brun. } You crown our Happineſs.
Prud. }

Enter Trapolin *in his own Dreſs with Spirits.*

Lav. Here's the Impoſtor!

Trap.

Trap. Good Father Conjurer, for old Acquaintance ſake, I beſeech your Grace, uſe Moderation. You may ſee by me, what a Prince may come to.

Lav. Thy Pardon's granted; but depart the Realm.

Flam. Dear *Trapolin*, embrace the happy Fate, and take me with thee.

Trap. My Lord, I have ſtood your Lordſhip's Friend.

Brun. In *Savoy*, I'll requite thee, *Trapolin*.

Trap. *Savoy*, Girl, *Savoy*. A Count, a Count at leaſt.

Flam. Ay, but ſhall I go with you?

Trap. Hold, hold, I hope his Grace will give us Leave to celebrate here. If he compels us to be gone before we have conſummated ———

AIR XXXVI. *Nanſy*'s to the Green Wood gane.

Lav. *Now all's reſtor'd to rights again,*
And Falſhood is diſcarded;
Let ſounding Joy reign o'er the Plain,
And Virtue be rewarded.
When croſs Events in Life appear,
That wrap in Clouds their Meaning,
They give us Pain; but when they clear,
They then are entertaining.

Trap. *Since I no more a Duke can be,*
Adieu to all that's ſtately:
Come, Flamie, *e'en let thee and me*
Strive to live kind and quietly.
If we enjoy Content and Love,
Altho' our Rents be ſcanty,
Our real Joys may riſe above
The Petts of Pride and Plenty.

FINIS.

A TABLE to the SONGS.

		Page
1	*What shou'd a Lassie do with an old Man.*	3
2	Willie *was a wanton Wag.*	4
3	*The Lads of* Dunse.	7
4	Almansor.	8
5	*O'er* Boggy.	9
6	Colin's *Complaint.*	10
7	Se Gaucci.	12
8	*In the pleasant Month of* May.	13
9	*Birth of* Harlequin.	ibid.
10	*To the Hundreds of* Drury *I write.*	14
11	*In a Bank of Flowers,* &c.	17
12	*What tho' they call me Country Lass.*	ibid.
13	*Buff Coat.*	18
14	*My Deary, if thou die.*	19
15	*Upbraid me not, capricious Fair.*	21
16	*My Dady forbad.*	23
17	*When my Love the other Day.*	25
18	*Dainty* Davie.	ibid.
19	*Hap me with thy Petticoat.*	ibid.
20	Wincheſter *Wedding.*	26
21	Gamiorum.	29
22	*Yellow-hair'd Laddie.*	31
23	Europa *Fair.*	32
24	*Dying Swain.*	33
25	*Love's a Dream of mighty Treasure.*	ibid.
26	*Let's be jovial.*	34
27	*Bury Fair.*	35
28	*Come Neighbours now.*	36
29	*Come brave Boys let's charge,* &c.	37
30	*Why will* Florella, *whilst I gaze.*	38
31	*Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.*	39
32	Cupid *fly, and give my Lover pain.*	41
33	*The old Wife she sent to the Miller her Daughter.*	42
34	*I wish my Love were in a Mire.*	43
35	*Greenwood Tree.*	45
36	Nansy's *to the Green Wood gane.*	47